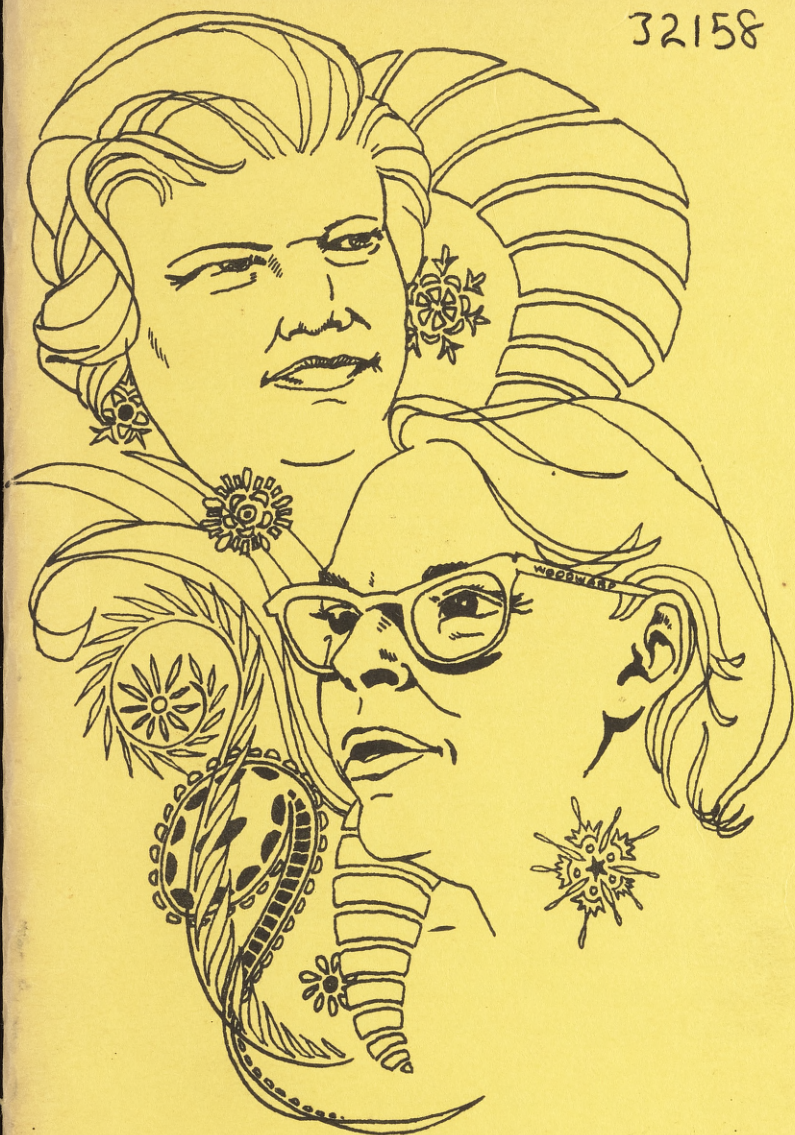


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STATEMENT OF PURPOSE OF THE SAN FRANCISCO CHAPTER OF THE DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS

...a women's organization to aid the Lesbian in discovering her place in society and to educate society to understand and accept her, without prejudice, and...

1. To encourage and support the Lesbian in her search for her social, economic, personal, interpersonal and vocational identity within society by maintaining and building a library on the themes of homosexuality and on women; by providing social functions where she can communicate with others and expand her social world outside the bar scene; and by providing an organized structure through which she can work to change society's limitations upon her lifestyles; by providing a forum for the interchange of ideas and constructive solutions to women's problems.
2. To educate the public to accept and understand the Lesbian as an individual, thereby leading to the breakdown of taboos, prejudices, and limitations on her lifestyle by sponsoring public discussions; by providing individuals as speakers and participants in various forums designed to educate the public; by disseminating educational and rational literature on the Lesbian.
3. To encourage, support and participate in responsible research dealing with homosexuality.
4. To investigate the penal code and to promote changes, in order to provide equitable handling of cases involving homosexuals, with due process of law and without prejudice

TO SAY AND BELIEVE THAT GAY IS GOOD.



VOLUME IV Number 8

OFFICERS of SF DOB

PRESIDENT.....Jodi Safier
VICE-PRESIDENT.....Liane Esstelle
CORRESPONDENCE SECRETARIES..Lois & Pat
TREASURER.....Melinda
PUBLIC RELATIONS.....Millie
VOLUNTEER COORDINATOR.....Kate Adams
SECRETARY.....Paula

* * * * *

Sisters Collective

Kate, Burt, Maureen, Janis, Pat,
Liane & Melinda

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GAY TALES FOR LIBERATED PERSONS

- ARTHUR HOPPE -

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SCHOOL OFFICIALS are finally making a belated effort to eliminate all vestiges of racism, sexism and poking fun at the handicapped from our nation's textbooks.

And rightly so. But what about the hundreds of classic fairy tales that so warp the little minds of our little children? Who is making any effort whatsoever to revise these racist, sexist, fun-poking diatribes? I am, thank you.

Our first beloved new classic is entitled: "Coal Black and The Seven United Mine Workers."

* * *

ONCE UPON a time, there was a young female person named Ms. Coal Black, who had a beautiful mind. She lived with a Wicked Step-person. But even though she was wicked, the Wicked Step-person really wanted to be fair.

So every morning she would say to her Magic Mirror: "Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the fairest of them all?"

And every morning, the Magic Mirror would reply: "Coal Black is beautiful, baby."

This made the Wicked Step-person very angry. She put out a contract on Coal Black and hired a Woods-person, who was not of Italian origin, as the hit man. "I'm going to make you an offer you can't refuse," she told the Woods-person. "Take Coal Black out in the forest, rub her out and bring me back her heart."

But the Woods-person was a member of the NAACP and he couldn't bring himself to rub out Ms. Coal Black. He thought about gunning down a deer for its heart, but he was too ecologically oriented. Finally he bought a half-pound of chopped liver at a delicatessen of the kosher persuasion and that made the Wicked Step-person happy.

Meanwhile, Ms. Coal Black, abandoned in the forest, stumbled on a United Mine Workers Commune. It consisted

of four female persons who did the heavy work and three male persons who swept up and washed the dishes. Being equal opportunity employers, they hired Ms. Coal Black as their accountant and business agent.

Ms. Coal Black was very contented managing the affairs of Local 1326, U.M.W., and organizing strikes and slowdowns against the exploitive mine owners for increased retirement benefits and birthdays off.

"Mirror, mirror on the wall," chortled the Wicked Step-person, "now who's the fairest of them all?"

"It's still Coal Black, baby," sang the Magic Mirror. "And she shall over-co-ome..."

Furious, the Wicked Step-person hired two ex-CIA agents and five Cubans to bug U.M.W. headquarters. Learning Ms. Coal Black's location, the Wicked Step-person disguised herself as Jimmy Hoffa and went to the commune to discuss a merger.

"But first have a little soul food, baby," said the Wicked Step-person, offering an apple cunningly laced with cyclamates. And Ms. Coal Black, after taking one bite, keeled over--kerplop!

* * *

THE SEVEN United Mine Workers, on finding her body, immediately called a nationwide strike to honor her and Joe Hill.

But just then a Handsome Horse-person rode up on a coal black steed. Falling in love with Ms. Coal Black, the Handsome Horse-person gave her a kiss that was as good as a stomach pump. Ms. Coal Black opened her eyes and promptly fell in love with the Handsome Horse-person.

As luck would have it, the Handsome Horse-person was the only daughter of a rich king. So she and Ms. Coal Black joined the Daughters of Bilitis and lived gayly ever after.

The End

D.O.B. ELECTIONS

San Francisco D.O.B. held elections on July 13, 1973. The new officers are:

President: Jodi Safier
Vice President: Liane Esstelle
Correspondence Secretaries:
Lois Small and Pat Hardman
Treasurer: Melinda
Public Relations Secretary:
Millie Staten
Volunteer Coordinator:
Kate Adams
Secretary: Paula

Only one office, Public Relations, was filled by acclamation. The office of Correspondence Secretary was split between the two candidates due to the steady increase of incoming mail.

The new President, Ms. Safier, suggested that each officer find as many competent members as possible to split her office with. The new officers hope to prevent power-tripping and burning out by sharing responsibility.

SISTERS magazine was left in the hands of the Sisters Collective, a group of unelected volunteers.

D.O.B. business meetings are open. Daughters of Bilitis was formed to meet the needs of the lesbian community, not vice versa. Your feedback and energy can keep the officers sensitive to you.

Representational democracy may not be your first choice. Come anyway. It's good practice for running the Amazon Nation.

--Pat Hardman

DO YOUR OWN D.O.B.

We in the San Francisco Chapter of Daughters of Bilitis are becoming increasingly aware of the need for more chapters around the country, and even in Canada. S.F. D.O.B. functions entirely on a volunteer level, and anyone who has ever been near a volunteer organization knows the kinds of tangles that can cause. What seems to be happening here is that our out-of-town letter-and-phone call input is exceeding our volunteer output. So the woman in Manchester N.H. who wrote a letter in April asking about D.O.B. and "Sisters" is still--if she's very patient--waiting for an answer in July. And the Santa Rosa woman who called in May has probably petrified by her telephone, while a little pink message slip fades to white in our overcrowded understaffed office.

We really care, and we're trying to get it together enough to be able to respond more quickly. Even if we can, though, there are a number of things that S.F. D.O.B. does for women in the Bay Area that we can't do for, say, a woman in Biloxi. Rap groups, social evenings, parties, bar guides--local need fulfilling functions.

So why not spread the good works--start your own D.O.B. Fill out the form (—→) and mail it to us: we'll put all the women who respond from any one area in touch with each other. When you get together, draw up a constitution based on San Francisco D.O.B.'s "Statement of Purpose" (see inside front cover), and send copies to the other chapters. All that's asked after that is that you write the presidents of all existing chapters (currently S.F., Boston, New Jersey and Dallas) and ask permission to affiliate. That's all. Any further legal or quasi-legal requirements depend upon the laws of your own state.

Do it! Please! We look forward to welcoming lots of new chapters of D.O.B., exchanging publications and information, and sisterly love.

- Melinda

-----clip and mail-----

Yes, I'd like to help start a Daughters of
Bilitis in _____


Name: _____

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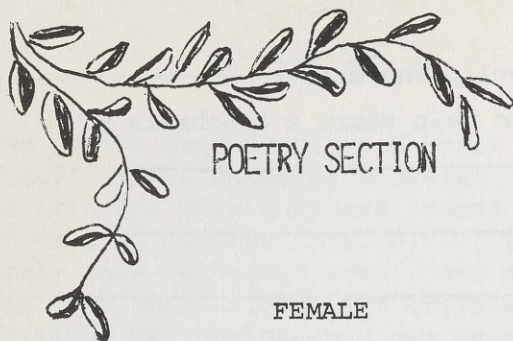
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POETRY SECTION

FEMALE

I move about in halls of darkness
No one hears me, only see me.
I'm only gazed on for the pleasure I can give.
I am scorned and ridiculed for what I feel.
My needs go unanswered but I will be heard
If not respected!

* * *

A tender touch
A loving touch
Can only be
A woman's touch.

by Lynne Greenwood



JOIN THE INSURGENT MAJORITY
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Unfolding

Whispered voices through leaves
kiss and awaken
 a spirit.
Like a child -
 it stumbles.

A sensual waltz
 crowds the sky
 already pregnant
with diapason.

Teasing aroma smothers
 in bondage
the unyielding,
 fog-raped air.

Slowly-sudden the body
 stretches for riddles
 beyond comprehension,
Until stiffened, tired sockets
 snap
and lusty desire

 d
 a
 n
 gles
on strings

as
crazy
 puppets
 jangle....

jSafier

Anniversary

There will be no cards
from relatives or children.
A certain few friends
perhaps will call,
or send a note
a few weeks late
(What was that date?)

Still, like the rest
we unwrap our roses;
Like them, we reminisce—
Remember this?

And even for us also
the future will flow golden,
champagne fill a swirled glass
another year pass.

I think often of that night
we first embraced
each other in strange hope
one dim hour before dawn.
Did either of us know then just
how much we held
or what?

— H.E. Raiford

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Conscious Raising

Out of ALL the women in the

Women's Liberation Movement

it ONLY took one woman.

It only took one to liberate me
because I fell in love with one -
Without guilt
Without limitations
Without rules
Without verbal agreements
Without fear,
fear to touch what I feel.

Now, I take my liberation home with me
and leave the rhetoric to others who are still
Struggling to be heard.

And I hope someday all the women could be
As liberated as I in the Women's Liberation Movement
Or else I really can't see
There being a Women's Revolution just still a
Struggle.

by Liane Esstelle

Lesbian

Love
Excitement
Sisters
Bilitis
Invisible
Always
Never

by Carlin

FOR YOU I WOULD BE BEAUTIFUL

How many times

I've lain awake long after sleeping time
Feeling lonely,

But not for anyone I knew,
Wondering

If I'd ever find the person
Who could fill
Every little corner of my mind.

And I would think:

For you I could be beautiful.

I came to feel

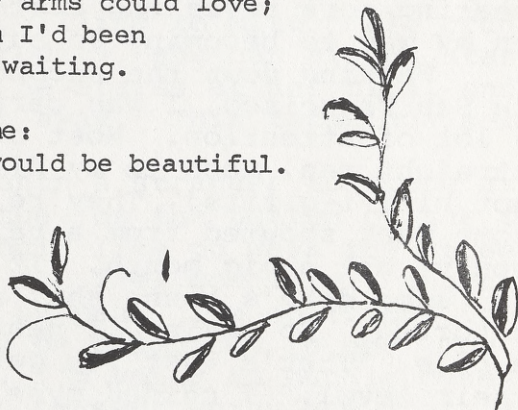
That life would just go on
Without that one appeal,
And I'd grow old.

One night not long ago
I had my fortune told,
And made a wish that I might meet
The ones my arms could love;
The one for whom I'd been
So full of waiting.

And then you came:

For you I would be beautiful.

by Theo



THIS LITTLE PIGGIE WENT TO MARKET

One day last week, upon being sent to the store, I decided to wear something sexy ...for a change. So I donned a tank top T-shirt, put on my jeans, my cowboy boots and hat, and began to walk down Castro Street, my big tits flopping in the breeze. Actually, it was quite nice to feel so free on a sweaty summer day.

For years I tried to dress as unattractively as possible, because I didn't want men to stare at me and make insulting remarks. But I soon found that no matter what I wore, men still stared at me and made insulting remarks. After I came out of my closet, the realization gradually began to dawn upon me that if I dressed attractively and tried to look sexy, maybe WOMEN would look, too. (I'd always wanted women to look, but they seldom did.)

So I stopped wearing a bra, and started wearing more revealing clothes. I was well on my way to becoming an outrageous lesbian.

Walking down the second faggiest street in San Francisco, I was certainly attracting a lot of attention. Most of it came from straight men, much to my dismay. "Hey, you got bi-i-i-g tits! They're nice ones.", some punk shouted from a parked car. "And you've got a big mouth. If you don't watch it, some dyke's gonna shut it for you!", I retorted. So saying, I nearly walked into a pole. "That's what you get for stooping to their level," I chided myself. Vigilantly watching lest some other man open his retarded sexist mouth, I stepped into the market.

While buying half a dozen frankfurters big enough to be erected penises, I watched the male clerk watch my tits. I became madder and madder. By the time I walked out of that store, I was mad enough to hit the next schmuck who opened his mouth on the head with my bag of oranges. There isn't a court that would convict me. On the way back to the house a construction worker whistled and men still stared but no one said a word! None of the women on the street even noticed me. I was disappointed.

Why is it that men feel they have the right to say anything they want to a strange woman on the street? I have yet to see a woman look at a man's bulging crotch on the street and to hear her stupidly say, "Wow, you've got a big dick!"

Why can't women dress however they want without having to worry about men insulting them? Men can wear whatever they desire without being bothered by women. Of course, if a woman is willing to match male crudity with female crudity, she can always stare at his crotch as he stares at her tits, and watch him look away. This technique seldom fails.

No one wants a stranger to stare at her privates, be they on the bottom or the top. Just once I would like to walk the streets of this city, and feel completely unnoticed and untouched by men. I'm oblivious to them-- Why can't they be oblivious to me? The next time I go out, I'm going to bundle myself up like a Russian peasant woman and stare at men's crotches.

--Roberta Dill

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15

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starts at
7p.m.

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EVERY
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THE MONTH

BUSINESS
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starts at
8p.m.

P
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RAP

LESBIAN
MOTHERS

7-9p.m.

BASEBALL &
PICNIC
bring equipment
meet at 12noon
at office
Sunday

RAP

Wilderness
Survival for
Women led
by Barb

7-9p.m.

22

26

29

A SPECIAL EVENING

Saturday -- why did it have to rain? Toni thought, gazing out the water-smeared windows. March was so unpredictable. The morning had been bright and clear, but in the afternoon, the sky's glaze grew shrouded with warning signs. Still, despite the threatening clouds, she held to the hope that the somberness would eventually lift.

In the evening, after seeing the last patient in her office and going home to bathe and dress, the rain came. The sky darkened into a deeper frown. There was a crash of thunder, the switchblade flash of lightening, and the rain descended in a torrent of swift heavy release.

A week of anticipation and preparation for the dinner engagement was now marred by ugly weather. An evening she had looked forward to and planned for with such carefulness. It should have been beautiful with silver stars and a full benevolent moon christening the sky, for wasn't an evening such as this supposed to be designed by poets? The way Sappho would have made it?

She turned from the window, hoping that Letia wouldn't change her mind. Some women just didn't like to go out in the rain. Another worry to vex her. As yet, the telephone hadn't rung, and it was six p.m. She had better hurry. Letia was expecting her at seven and the drive across town would be slower because of the rain.

In the bedroom, getting her car keys off the bureau, Toni glanced into the mirror. The expensive black tailored pants suit, trimmed

with white braid, fitted neatly, camouflaging the slight bulges of late middle age. A hint of natural lipstick was applied just right to the strong mouth, and deft touches of powder gave the broad handsome face a touch of softness. Vanity, she admonished herself -- no one was completely without it.

She collected her keys, annoyed at the way her hands shook, like a teenager's on a first date. Ridiculous. But this was a special night with a special person. She hoped it would go well.

She rang Letia's doorbell exactly on time, in spite of the blinding rain that the windshield wiper could hardly cope with. Letia opened the door and said, with concern: "You're almost drowned!"

"Not quite--" she smiled at Letia, who was wearing a long multi-colored hostess gown that fell in waves over her slim figure down to her ankles. Her thick dark hair was swept up in spiraling tiers above a too-thin pale face. The sight of Letia caused a lonely pearl to form a knot in Toni's throat and turn to stone in her stomach. To conceal the way her eyes had been embracing Letia, Toni said hurriedly and a little fearfully: "You aren't going out in that, are you?"

Letia laughed as she closed the door behind them, barring the world. "Of course not! Here, give me that wet coat. You need to dry out. Go over by the fireplace, Toni--" A small question anxiously pocketed her mouth. "You don't mind my calling you Toni, do you? Doctor Reis for office hours."

"No, certainly not, please do. I'd like it very much." She crossed over to the fireplace to focus her gaze on something else -- anything except Letia who was hanging her coat

and hat in the closet. The apartment was small, tastefully furnished in delicate soft feminine appointments, but functional.

"I thought since it was so messy out we could just stay here and I'd cook something," Letia said from across the room.

Toni turned the suggestion over in her mind. The rain's hoofbeats against the window galloped in tune with her heart. How many times in the short while she had known Letia had she wanted this? Thinking about it alone at home during the nights, after the endless parade of patients who needed healing, consoling, attention. Can a dream distilled suddenly come alive?

At her silence, Letia said quickly: "I can cook, you know." A smile's hint covered her lips.

"I believe it," Toni laughed reassuringly. "It's just...well...wouldn't you prefer going out? After all, I did invite you to have dinner with me."

"It won't be any bother -- cooking for you," Letia said, watching for an approving response.

Toni turned her gaze back to the fireplace to grasp a newly feigned interest in the bright flames. What did she mean? Cooking for you. Or had she misinterpreted the meaning? The words caused a shiver to run a fine sharp line through her.

She couldn't afford to misjudge. She had been hurt before. It was so easy to fashion other peoples' words into meanings you wanted. That was the trouble with being like she was: it was terribly difficult sometimes to really know. With some, the signs were apparent -- by a glance, gesture, intoned word, thought perception. She couldn't afford to make any more mistakes. She was getting older. She had learned from the mistakes of the past -- only

a few -- but enough. Enough to have left a pitiless reservoir of hurt inside her brimming with the painful words: I'm not like that.

"Well--" she faced Letia again, "if you don't mind. I'd enjoy having a good home-cooked meal. I usually eat out. Too tired to cook after work."

"Good!" Letia's face brightened, pleased.

"May I use the phone? I'll have to cancel the reservations."

"It's by the couch. What would you like to drink? Scotch, bourbon? A martini? I'm an awful drink mixer."

"Scotch on the rocks will be fine," Toni said, going over to the telephone. Perhaps that was what she needed to relieve the tension. She called the Ledo and cancelled the reservations. Wearily she sat on the sofa near the wall with the shelves of books. A large desk was opposite her, cluttered with paper, a typewriter and pencils. This was probably where Letia did her writing. Children's stories. That was what she had said when she'd wandered into her office one night suffering from gastritis.

"I write children's stories...when I'm well," she had added facetiously.

"Here's your drink--" Letia was back.

Toni thanked her. "Anything I can do?"

"No," a shake of the head. "There really isn't that much to do." She sat down beside Toni with her drink.

Toni smelled her perfume like roses on a fresh morning. She tasted her drink. The scotch spread warm tentacles through her.

Letia reached for a cigarette and automatically Toni picked up the table lighter and

flicked it alive. Letia bent to the flame, cupping her hand lightly around Toni's. She breathed in the smoke, and then blew it out in a gray wavering stream.

Toni set the lighter back on the table, thinking, now wasn't that butch? But it was instinctive with her. One of her give-away features, she concluded wryly.

"It was really lucky for me to have walked into your office that night," Letia began conversationally. Then narrowing her eyes thoughtfully: "It was raining that time too."

"Yes, it was," Toni said softly, also remembering. Was the rain an omen?

"I was so sick. I was coming from my agent's office, and luckily saw your office sign. It was very kind of you to look at me when you were ready to close up. I felt like a fool after I found out you were a noted surgeon."

"I'm not noted," Toni protested modestly.

"Anyway," Letia smiled, "I'm glad I was sick. I got to meet you." She paused reflectively, flicking ashes in the tray. "I don't know anyone whom I've felt so comfortable with in a long time."

Toni looked across the room. Be careful how you answer, she warned herself, wanting to say one thing, but instead, she said: "I'm glad. I like your company, too."

She thought about the few times in the past two months when they had chatted over the phone. The first time she had called was on the pretense of finding out how Letia was. Afterwards, the calls were mutual ones that consisted of sharing of interests and thoughts, and above all, discovery.

"Do you?" Letia half-turned to face her,

drawing her gaze back. Her brown eyes met, held and searched Toni's questioningly.

Toni wondered if she were looking for a sign. "Yes, you know," she went on briskly, "I'm quite fortunate. I have a rapport with most of my patients."

"Patients--" Letia tested the word, while putting out the cigarette. "Am I not a friend too?"

"Certainly," Toni replied softly, raising the glass to her lips. The social helpfulness of a drink. It occupies the hands and elasticizes strain. "I consider you a friend. Didn't I invite you to dinner?" she smiled.

Letia was silent as she sipped her drink. "How long have you been in practice?" she asked abruptly.

"Too long, I'm beginning to think. I'm getting old and tired. I think it's about time for me to fold up and have some fun before I get much older."

"You aren't old--"

"Aren't I? I'm a few years ahead of you," she sighed, running her long fingers through the short black hair sprinkled with silver.

"It's beautiful--" Letia murmured, watching her, "your hair. It looks so soft. Is it?" She touched Toni's hair, her fingers as gentle as a feathery wind. "It is--" she laughed shakily, scattering the fragile moment into a thousand broken pieces.

Toni felt warm icicles pricking her skin. Please don't touch me again, she cried inwardly, for I won't be able to stand it.

"Have you been doing any writing lately?" Toni asked, fumbling for normalcy again.

"Un-hun. I'm finishing a story about a little girl who didn't like Christmas."

"Did you know a little girl who didn't like Christmas?"

"Yes--" Letia's fingers toyed with the purple sash of her gown. "I had a very close friend once whose little girl didn't like much of anything." Quickly she finished the remains of her drink. "My friend did everything in the world to get her to like things."

"Did she -- finally?"

"No, not until I left. You see, she didn't like me. Thought her not-for-real Aunt Letia was a threat between her and her mother." Suddenly she laughed bitterly, not wanting to talk about it anymore. "I'm going to check on dinner. I don't want you sitting here starving while I bore you with segments from my past."

"You aren't boring me. I want to know -- about you." And she did.

Letia's eyes fastened upon her. "You -- what about you?"

"There's nothing to tell about me. Except hard work to get where I am in a field where males dominate. A double hard road for one to travel from a poor Minnesota family of five children."

"Any special friends?" Letia asked quietly.

Toni ran her thumb up and down the sides of her glass. A question harmless to many, but for her, one that could trap, ensnare -- betray.

"Well, did you?" Letia persisted.

"What?" Toni sparred.

"Have any special friends," Letia repeated impatiently.

"It depends on what you mean by special. Friends are special for special reasons."

Frowning, Letia got up suddenly. "How do you like your steak?"

"Medium."

Letia gathered the empty glasses, signs of not enough or too much. "Would you like to watch TV or listen to some music?"

"Tonight, I'd rather have music," Toni said, looking up and seeing the frown still there. The fine lines between her wide-spaced eyes were almost permanent now. She would have liked to erase each with a kiss. But can one erase time?

"What do you like? I have an assortment. Pops, blues, show tunes, symphonies, jass," she announced gaily, waving her hand in a mountainous brush. "Which?" Then, without waiting for an answer, she pulled out an album. "You look to pensive tonight. I'll put on some jazz. This is Jonah Jones. I like his style."

She placed the record on the turntable and the muted trumpet of Jonah Jones softly assailed the room. Toni leaned back, giving up her thoughts to the music. It was then she began to feel tired, drowsy. The patient load had been heavy for the day, and the suspense of tonight had added to the strain. She closed her eyes.

Something cold touched her hand, startling her. She had almost fallen asleep, and Letia was standing above her holding a fresh drink.

"Here's another one to wake you up. Dinner won't be long."

"Thanks --" she grinned sheepishly, accepting the drink. "Guess I'm not used to such carryings on."

"Stick around. It might even get better," Letia retorted saucily. "If you'll excuse me, I'm going back to the galley."

Toni sipped on the drink. It was short on

ice and long on scotch. Her thoughts focused on Letia. Was she or wasn't she? Almost like the hair rinse commercial, she smiled to herself. She wanted so much to hold, touch, and caress her. Say the things she wanted to say. Males had no problems such as she. By role playing, they were the aggressors, and an approach was not an indictment, but something expected if the time, place, and moment were right. With her, a direct approach could be quicksand. There was so much to lose.

The drink was making her more sluggish, too musing. She stood up and stretched. Perhaps she should offer to help again. After all, she was to have treated Letia to dinner.

She heard the rain vying with the music, drumming steadily against the window.

Toni decided to take her drink and go through the door where Letia had gone. Letia had an apron on now and was standing on a stool reaching into the cabinet. Not hearing Toni behind her, she backed down and bumped against her.

"Oh!" she gave a gasp of surprise as Toni's arm instantly reached out to steady her. A little of Toni's drink spilled on her suit.

"I'm sorry," Toni apologized quickly. "I though you heard me come in."

Her arm was still around a startled Letia who was loosely holding a forgotten wooden salad bowl, and suddenly she was aware of Letia's face so near and the warmth of Letia's body. She dropped her arm limply to her side.

Letia stayed in the circle, invisible now, that Toni's arm had once made. The warmth of her breath lightly touched Toni's chin as she stared up at her intensely. There was a smudge of flour on the tip of Letia's nose, and Toni wanted to wipe it off with a kiss she did not give.

"Next time, doctor, rattle your scalpels," Letia laughed shakily.

"I'll remember," Toni promised, backing away. "I just wanted to know if I could help with anything--" And be with you.

"No, thanks. I have the operation well under control."

Letia busied herself at the sink, breaking crisp lettuce into the bowl. Toni found herself staring at her: the way her head tilted to the side, the slight slump of the small shoulders, her concentration on the task before her. A rend like a sharp ache seared through her. She wanted so much to brush her fingers across Letia's face, to know, trace and remember. And last, to cup her chin in the palm of her hand and lock her eyes with hers.

She would have to wait until she was sure, and sometimes one was never sure.

Outside the rain's sounds had grown softer, sounds of slow diminishing. Jonah Jones' *Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White* surfed the apartment in a misty musical spray.

"I'm glad it rained," Letia said, slicing tomatoes over the lettuce. "I like it here better with just the two of us."

"I like it too --" The words escaped before she could stop them and form others. She became aware that she was still holding her glass. The ice had melted and the drink was warm. Politely she finished it and set the glass on the sink.

"If you really want to be useful," Letia said, "fix two more drinks. The liquor's in the buffet in the dinette. You might as well learn where I keep it."

"All right." Toni picked up their glasses and went into the dinette off the side of the kitchen. A round table was covered with a white linen cloth and glistening silverware.

Two bronze candle holders in the center flanked a floral piece. It looked intimately inviting. She got out the scotch and carefully measured out two jiggers each.

"Get some ice out of the refrig --" Letia directed when she returned.

Toni filled the glasses with ice cubes and watched as Letia slid two thick red steaks under the broiler. She handed Letia her drink, fingers brushing hers, and quickly withdrew her hand as if from fire. Letia cast her a quizzical look, then smiled: "Here's to -- us."

She lifted her glass in the toast, feeling a little tight already. Not real high, but nice and mellow and happy. Watching Letia bending over the steaks, she suddenly felt hungry.

Her gaze swallowed Letia's movements and came to rest on the small cleft in the back of her neck where lips could fit. A glow began to spread warmly through her. She could wait, for wasn't waiting and wishing and hoping the vine of life -- in the life?

- Ann Allen Shockley



\$3166.65

Our thanks goes to Scotti & Katie of Scott's Pit for allowing us to have a House Fund benifit at their bar last month.

HELP! OUR NEEDS ARE URGENT.

(\$2,000 minimum by Aug. 15)

San Francisco Women's Centers is a non-profit organization with a 501(c)3 tax exempt status. Our purpose is to facilitate the reality of a Women's Center in San Francisco and to fund women's movement projects. Our major focus is to raise funds (by benefits, foundation grants, etc.) and take the major part of the money burden off the women's movement groups in the city.

We are new and we are still small but we have big plans. Our present reality includes attempting to get foundation grants for Women's Job Rights and Women's Legal Center. In order to do this we must raise a minimum of \$2,000 by Aug. 15. This money will give us the accountability we need to apply for public foundation status. With this status we can open the doors for financial backing from private foundations of which there is one just waiting to fund women's projects. All of this is rather complex and legalistic and what it really means is that the \$2,000 will allow us to accomplish major gains in our goals.

We are putting time, energy, and dedication into these goals and we will not quit until they are accomplished. A women's center is much needed as a central location for women's movement projects meeting women's needs.

What can you do to help? Your time, money and ideas are needed. We are striving to locate 200 women who will donate \$10 each to raise the the \$2,000. Please be one of those women. Of course any money raised above that amount enhances our accountability and our chances to gain the desired foundation status. So donate what you can. If you have no money, but do have time, why not do a few hours work for someone and ask them to make the check payable to San Francisco Women's Centers, P.O. Box 40247, S.F., Ca. 94140. Perhaps they would be willing to match the amount of your

donation. This center and the various projects
will exist to benefit all women.

Join us in our march to freedom. Further
information: (415) 431-7767.

In sisterly love,

The women of San Francisco
Women's Centers

* * *

To gaze into your eyes
When you are unaware
Is to know you

"SPARKLE" ★

1948 - 1973

* * *

SFSI

Sexual ignorance is not bliss

SAN FRANCISCO SEX INFORMATION

A Non-Profit Community Phone Service

(415) 665-7300 Phone hours: 3 to 9 p.m. Mon. through Fri.

LOCAL LESBIAN NEWS

by A lesbian

The Women's Need Center has reopened! We are here to serve your needs, from a woman's point of view. Please call or come over:

558 Clayton Street
San Francisco - 94117
(415) 621-1003

#

We (DOB) are now affiliated with San Francisco Women's Centers.

#

Thanks! to Laurie Wilenski, photographer, for the pictures of the Gay Awards Banquet that appeared in last month's SISTERS. Also, thanks for donating generously pictures of the gay community which are displayed in the office.

#

The S.O.L. (Slightly Older Lesbians) are now slightly younger: they have lowered their age qualification to 30 and over (it used to be 35+).

#

And many thanks to Carolyn for giving us the beautiful painting which hangs in the DOB Rap Room.

#

-----We have had a change of officers and are now going through the growing pains of our new officers finding their way. Please bear with us.?-----

#

To people who submit articles, poetry, etc. to SISTERS: please don't ask us to return items, because we are overloaded with mail. Thanx.

#

INFORMATION PAGE

Office Hours

Sundays.....Closed

Mondays.....7-9p.m. Counseling

Tuesdays.....Closed

Wednesdays...1-9p.m.

Thursdays....7-9p.m. Volunteer Nite ALL are
Welcomed!!

Fridays.....2-6p.m.

Saturdays....Sometimes?

This is an all women's space. No men allowed except by invitation

There is usually here Wednesday and Friday afternoons if you want to stop by for information or just rap.

If you come and the office is closed next time you may want to call ahead of time to make sure someone will be in the office.

Our phone No.

861-8689

Women's Switchboard.....771-8212

Women's Counseling Service.....392-0400

S.F. Women's Centers.....431-7767

Sex Information Switchboard.....665-7300

Crash facilities for Women.....621-1590

Gay People's Union at Stanford....324-1187

Modern Times Bookstore.....621-2675

Slightly Older Lesbians S.O.L.....922-5120

Dykes & Gorgons.....524-7983

Women's Newsletter.....431-6521

C.R.H. (Council of Religion & the

Homosexual 1771-6300

Gay Switchboard.....668-3580

DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS

DOB San Francisco: 1005 Market St. #402-404
San Francisco, CA 94103
(415) 861-8689

DOB Boston: 419 Boylston St. #406
Boston, Mass. 02116

DOB New Jersey: P.O. Box 62
Fanwood, New Jersey, 07023

DOB Dallas: c/o Rob Shivers, Box 5944
Dallas, Texas, 75222

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Single Membership: \$7.00 (\$9.00 overseas) includes
half-price to social functions, library privileges and
SISTERS for one year.

Couples: \$10.00 (\$12.00 overseas) includes half-price to
social functions, library privileges and SISTERS for
one year.

MEMBERSHIP LIMITED TO THOSE 18 YEARS OR
OLDER



The cover is a picture of
Del Martin & Phyllis Lyon
done by Carolyn Woodward

